

Dressed in mist and hiding
net in hand and trident high
wet and glistening God is hiding
and the sea is running to its tide

The west winds last airs
brush the sea-cliff side
and a wet mist flows down
to the tuning flood below
where the sea-spray surf
holds the struggle it feels
from a fin in a net of mist
and blood sighs on the water
where a moan escapes the sea
and the spray engulfs a lover
but not the one whom cried
as trident flew and maiden dived
to a rock on the bottom
where the net has caught
the mist and not
the maid or the maid's laughter
which the God was really after.

-- Harry Monroe

Some Spanish Stud

The cat had yellow pants
and a grey cap
The cuffs were tight
his bloodshot eyes
walking in the snow
His eyes were swords
He was on his way
to murder the landlord
The sun disappeared
yellow pants
tight cuffs
his eyes
walking in the snow

-- Jack Micheline